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QUEEN OF NAPLES.

THE illustrious subject of our present Memoir is the daughter of the celebrated Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, so famous for the heroic intrepidity with which she supported a contested succession to her paternal dominions, and at length triumphed in the success of her most ambitious views.

She lived to behold her daughter Maria Antoinette seated on the throne of France; her son was created Grand Duke of Tuscany and King of Naples; and, in the year 1768, Maria Carolina, then but fifteen years of age, was united to Ferdinand IV. King of Naples. Historians relate a curious anecdote of the manner in which this union was effected:—The eldest daughter of the Empress was betrothed to Ferdinand. Her Majesty, to impress the mind of the young Princess with reverential awe, conducted her one night with pompous solemnity to the family sepulchre of her ancestors, and, after expatiating in energetic terms on their virtues, both in public and private life, exhorted her not to deviate in any one instance from such a glorious example. Whether the Princess would have adhered to these injunctions, is unknown, as a violent cold, caught by the damps of the gloomy mausoleum, threw her into a fever, which terminated her

existence. But the grand object of the Empress's ambition did not end with her—Maria Carolina was yet remaining, and as Ferdinand had seen neither, and was consequently indifferent to both, he therefore accepted the proposals made by the Empress, and made the Princess his consort. The King and Queen were married four years without having any children, and prayers were offered up, night and morning, for an heir, to the crown of Naples: at length her Majesty was brought to bed of a daughter; and from that period encreased her family yearly, and in all produced sixteen children; the eldest of whom was married to the present Emperor of Germany. She died in childbed a few months since.

The Queen of Naples had received a liberal education, and possessed such conciliating manners and amiable cheerfulness, as very much endeared her to her subjects; and her example improved the Neapolitan court. She gave such a flattering reception to strangers, and distinguished them with such affable courtesy, as rendered their stay at Naples peculiarly agreeable, and removed the sombre impression which Neapolitan formality usually makes upon strangers.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CXII.

TO the same place repaired Miss Lydia Lackit, a young lady with an handsome fortune and elegant person. She was now in the twenty-fifth year of her age, and had lately lost her father, a country squire, who was fond of nothing but horses and dogs, and who gave her a complete stabularian education. Her mother, however, did not wholly neglect the cultivation of her mind; and, when she was about seventeen, the squire, suspecting that she entertained a penchant for Bob, the groom, was prudent enough to remove him, and never after took his daughter into the stables, or the field, where hitherto she had been his constant companion; as his only son was too young to attend him. This gave Lydia some chance of receiving a tolerable education; but, being once habituated to liberty, she was uneasy within doors; and as her rambles were now confined

o the garden and the pleasure grounds, she cast a favourable eye on John, the gardener, to whom she spoke her mind pretty plainly: but John was an honest and faithful fellow, and would not understand her overtures of accepting him for a husband. He had an attachment to Jenny, the dairy-maid, and knew that a fine miss, even with a good fortune, was not so well adapted for his sphere of life as a virtuous and industrious young woman of his own rank.

About this time Young Squire Tallyho paid Miss Lydia some attentions, and though he was not very agreeable to her, the hopes of having more freedom induced her to listen to his vows, which had received the sanction of her parents, and every thing was going on in the straight road to matrimony; when, as ill-luck would have it, the waiting-maid of the family was detected in an amour with Tallyho, and shame on his side, and wounded pride on Lydia's, put an end to the connection.

Soon after she was particularly noticed by a recruiting-officer, who met her at a ball, and who having only his pay to subsist on, would gladly have married a wife with a good fortune. But the old squire had always declared, that if his daughter married a soldier, or a parson—or, as he expressed it, "a fellow either in a red, or a black coat,"—he would cut her off with a shilling. This prejudice against him being communicated to the captain, he desisted from the pursuit; having no idea of going on a forlorn hope, while he was young and handsome enough to make easy conquests.

A fellow of a college in Oxford, who could drink deep, and who was acquainted with the merits of all the packs of hounds in the kingdom, having lately undertaken the care of the church of the parish in which the old squire resided, found means to ingratiate himself with the family; and, notwithstanding the squire's aversion to parsons, the *learning* and *skill* of this gentleman in rural sports, induced the squire frequently to invite him to his house; and, as the fellows of a college have no chance of quitting their irksome state of celibacy, with any degree of prudence, except by finding a lady with a good fortune, he resolved to take every opportunity of making himself agreeable to Lydia, who did not disdain to favour his advances; and, by some dexterity

of management, it was generally thought that he would have succeeded in carrying off the prize. But a living unexpectedly falling to his option, he accepted it; and, like a man of humble mind, immediately married a young lady with half Lydia's fortune, to whom he had been long attached, and who, though under no express engagement, had kept herself single, in hopes that, when fortune favoured, they might come together.

The next person who seemed likely to make any progress in Lydia's affections, was a young barrister, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, and, consequently, well acquainted with the family. He was *following* the law, but never likely to *overtake* it, though the old gentleman frequently dignified him with the title of Lord Chancellor; and, knowing his defects as an orator, thought the only means of establishing himself comfortably in life, would be to pick up a fortune. By degrees Lydia became extremely partial to his society, and would have been happy had he made an explicit avowal in her favour. At that time, however, he had not made up his mind, and accordingly took care that his attentions should not amount to an actual declaration. Lydia was extremely chagrined; for, after so many disappointments, she began to fear that she should be left an old maid; besides which she was really in love with the lawyer.

At this stage of the business, the old squire died, leaving his daughter an independent fortune. She was determined to manœuvre, and in due time having proposed that her mother and brother should accompany her to a public place, she set out without any communication with the lawyer. She had not, however, been a fortnight absent, when in a feigned hand, and as an anonymous friend, she wrote to the Barrister, that if he wished to secure Miss Lydia Lackit, he must lose no time, as she was the universal object of attraction at ———. The bait took: the lawyer hastened to the spot, and declared himself; was accepted, and married in six weeks, with the approbation of all parties. They will agree to live together, to the end of their days; but I foresee they will not be happy. Artifice can never wholly succeed.

Lord Linger having married to his third wife, a *lady*, who had occasionally supplied the place of his second, being now worn out with dissipation and disease, was advised by his

physicians, to repair to the place where I was attending with my lovely charge. This lady accompanied him, and under the shew of the greatest affection, was indulging her passion for gaiety to the highest pitch; and, whenever she could with decency leave her bed chamber, was gallanting with any young fellow who would bear her company; in fact, she was speculating for another husband, which she knew it would not be long before she wanted, and behaved more like a woman who wished to be courted, than the consort of a peer.

Her husband, suffering in body, and uneasy in mind, was gratified by her *affected* attentions, which she had artifice enough to persuade him were real; and finding his end approaching, made a will very much in her favour, leaving her a very liberal annuity, which would have been just, but also the command of 10,000l. to the prejudice of his own amiable daughters, who, led by duty and inclination, were paying him the most assiduous regards, and were inwardly sorry to see the indifference of this unworthy mother-in-law, whenever she could shew it undisguised. But they were restrained by fear from opening their lips, well knowing the influence she had over their father's mind, and assured that, by any interference, they would only draw vengeance on themselves.

Linger, at length, bade adieu to the world; and though the grief of his lady was apparently immoderate, till the will was opened, and she knew her fate, I could see every movement of her heart, and found it beating with hope and joy.

After a very short exclusion, she came abroad in her widow's weeds, and being really a handsome woman, and taking care not to conceal her jointure, was again surrounded by a train of her former admirers, who, judging from her known character, that extreme delicacy and reserve were unnecessary, began to talk of love in less than a month after she had buried her lord.

Having been tied to age and decrepitude, she now resolved to have a husband who possessed the contrary qualities; and after balancing in her mind which man out of half a dozen followers would be most to her taste, she gave one a marked preference.

This favourite happened to be a young man, of a good family, and brought up to a liberal profession; but his father dying insolvent, his means were extremely slender, and

though living with the utmost œconomy, consistent with his rank in life, had scarcely sufficient to make a decent appearance. His only chance of bettering his circumstances, was by marriage, and he had come here on that errand. The partiality of Lady Linger was most grateful to him, and though he reprobated her character and conduct in his heart, he was glad to avail himself of that partiality which was evidently displayed in his favour, by a woman who commanded 10,000l. and a good annuity. When they came, however, to talk of arrangements, the lady wished to reserve the controul of her money; but finding her admirer would not submit to be such a dupe, making a merit of necessity, she *generously* gave him one half, with the promise, that if she survived him, she would think of no one else.

The bargain was struck: Lady Linger became the wife of a country gentleman, who is likely to treat her better than she deserves. On his side, gratitude will supply the place of love; on her's, affection will make submission light.

I will not trouble you with more matrimonial anecdotes. From having unmasked some few characters, an insight into others will be easy. SYLPH.

THOUGHTS IN A VEGETABLE GARDEN.

"BEHOLD yon *artichoke*, with its hundred tongues, plead the cause of its esculent brethren; and why might not the humble *potatoe* rise from its earthly habitation, and harangue us with Hibernian eloquence on such an occasion? for surely we shall not, like the worldling, measure desert by external standards; or underrate this precious plant, because its retiring modesty renders it necessary to dig it from its courted obscurity. And why does it sequester its plain—I had almost said clumsy form? but for the most generous purpose; that when our summer friends of the garden have deserted us, in our need, it may bring forth its wholesome stores in the winter adversity of our tables.

"Oh philanthropic *cabbage!* that like some bountiful father of a family, not content with yielding us the fruit of its own sound heart, dedicates its posterity to our use, in that profusion of sprouts which it supplies from its own parent stock. Unlike the penurious *pea*, that obliges us to tear open its bowels for its globular treasures—so many a pro-

fligate genius of this world would suffer his talents to moulder away in obscurity, but for some solicitous friend, who, with salutary severity, forces them into exertion.

"Not less harsh nor less beneficial in its agency, the stimulating *chamomile*, that like a rigid, yet loving confessor, descends into the depth of our bosoms, and compels us to discharge their foul and peccant accumulations.

"And see too, where in the hue of innocence, humbly shews its head, the pious *parsnip*, that pays us its annual lenten visit, and, by its significant insipidity, points out to us the tastelessness of worldly pleasures and pursuits. And what are those two which suddenly strike my sight, whose name shews them to be allied, while their shape and proportion betoken irreconcileable contrariety. They are *French* and *Windsor beans*—O how pertinently so named. The former, in its spare and scattered growth, aptly representing the meagre figures and disunited state of the people from whom they have their name; while the mangled and massacred condition in which they are brought to table, still more forcibly typifies the savage ferocity with which they have substituted the sword for the sceptre. Turn your eyes from this painful picture, to contemplate its like in name, its opposite in nature—the *Windsor bean*, and admire how its fair round central form represents the honest plumpness of the gracious potentate, whose residence has furnished its title—while the clustering manner in which they hang from their branches in ripe luxuriance, adumbrates the numerousness and concord of the royal offspring.

"Behold the simple Dutch *lettuces*—plants that instruct by their very insignificance; for those leaves, which in their natural state are but provender for the swine, sweetly, gratefully, do they salute the palate, when aided by the delicious provocatives of the cruet.—Let us hence consider the emptiness and unserviceableness of man, in his natural state, and the high benefits and pleasures of which he is capable, when improved by the precious sauce of education.

"But what ambiguous root is here? whose flavour contradicts to our palates the report made by its form to our eyes —the *turnip radish*. O let it warn us against the wily foe, who cheats our credulous eyes with the smooth turnip of tenderness, while inwardly he bites us with the radish of rancour.

"Nor let yon hypocritical *onion* less admonish us of the insidious foe; the wretch who can force tears from our eyes at one moment, and the next annoy us with the foul breath of defamation—and, to render his machinations still more fatal, can lay us asleep while they are working.

"And see those ungrateful *cucumbers*, raised in the hot-bed of indulgence, ripened and fostered beneath the genial glass of protection, they too shall return the benefactions of their patron with coldness, if not bitterness, which is but too often the case when they are suffered to remain long enough to engender the seeds of independence.

"Thus rich, thus copious, does the page of horticulture appear, even in the feeble epitome which is here represented. Ah! would we but study it as it deserves, we should find it speak a language of reason and religion, that would set all the subtleties of logic, and all the system of ethics, at defiance."

For whether we consider the moral aptitude discovered in the various properties of plants, or admire the fine order of their formation, so that no incongruity is discoverable in their growth, we shall ever find fresh ground from which we may deduce grateful conviction of the bounty and judgment of the Supreme Disposer. Let us, therefore, in conformity to his instructions, prefer the salutary plainness of truth—then shall the homely vegetable find place at our board with thankfulness; for, if it has not equal attractions of pungency and flavour, it has, perhaps, less pernicious qualities. The groveling *spinach*, that multiplies around without encouragement, is emblematic of those sycophantic servile beings who seek exaltation from our favour, without merit to deserve it, and fill a space that should be occupied by the more worthy, though less encroaching suppliant; it is the flatterer who pleases the palate by originality and novelty, but creates nauseau by surfeit, and galls by the bitterness of secret malice.—Long may the honest Windsor bean flourish in this island, and daily contribute to the advantage of the people, by discouraging foreign luxury—may it not only be welcomed at the table of the rich and great, but benefit the humblest peasant, whose honest labour alike contributes to its support—reciprocal confidence will be thereby cemented, and homely fare, with a contented heart, be the Englisman's feast.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A STAGE-COACH.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 280.)

TO the real passion of love I had been a total stranger, until chance threw me in the way of my adored Louisa. Short as had been our acquaintance, her loved image was constantly present to my imagination. Even the sorrowful scene I had so lately witnessed, did not make a sufficient impression to banish the too attractive fair one from my mind, and every night, during our separation, she appeared to me in my dreams. When the day arrived which had been previously fixed upon for my departure, Hartley implored me to take his curricle, or chariot. "Though the latter," said he, "I shall never more enter; yet I shall keep it for Miss Egerton and my beloved children." The same motive, however, which had induced me, at the commencement of my journey, to prefer a public conveyance to a private one, determined me to refuse my friend's offer; and my luggage was therefore ordered to the porter's lodge, where I took my station, for the purpose of waiting until a stage passed. I had not been there many minutes when the sound of "Jehu!" and the crack of a whip, saluted my ears. Honest Jeffry was upon the watch, and soon accosted me with "Your Honour, there be three empty seats."

The appellation of "Your Honour," had doubtless exalted me in the opinion of my fellow-travellers, two of whom very civilly enquired whether I had any objection to riding backwards, each politely offering me their seat.—Having expressed a sense of their kindness, and replied in the negative, a total silence for some minutes prevailed, which afforded me an opportunity of observing the countenances of my companions. The one was very interesting, from being overwhelmed with the deepest shade of melancholy, and she appeared labouring under some great misfortune, at least I judged so, from her repeated sighs. She

was seated opposite to me, between two persons of my own sex; the youngest of whom I plainly distinguished had his hand round her waist, and frequently pressed her to his bosom, when he fancied this mark of tenderness was unobserved: though the young man's hat was drawn very forward, yet it was not sufficiently so to prevent me from perceiving that his eyes were filled with tears; and he frequently passed his hand across his forehead, to conceal them. The person on the other side of the melancholy fair one appeared to be about forty; a consequential smirk, gave me no favourable opinion of his disposition, and the idea of his wanting feeling, was strengthened by his familiarly tapping the female upon the shoulder, and exclaiming, "Come, Ma'am, come, don't be in the dumps—I loves cheerfulness and good-humour; for freting, you know, can't do nobody no good; besides, Lord bless ye! why if the worst comes to the worst, he can but go to jail; and, to my sartin knowledge, folks lives as happy there as in any other place; which his honour there, I dare say, will vouch for. Now, Sir, help me to cheer up her spirits a bit, and don't let her go for to fancy as how I am rodomondating."

As the latter part of the conversation was not only addressed to me, but impressed by my fellow-traveller's hand upon my knee, I replied, "that though no person would willingly go to prison in search of happiness, yet I did not doubt but there were many happy beings there; or, at least, some who possessed a sufficient degree of fortitude to reconcile their minds to their unhappy fate."

"That is spoken like a true parson; for though the porter, Sir, called you, Your Honour, I supposes you be a member of the church; not so much by your dress, as by your language, which sartinly is fit for a pulpit," rejoined my fellow-traveller, respectfully taking off his hat. "You must know, Sir," continued he, "I have a great veneration for the clergy, and it is, as I may say, bred in my bone; for my grandfather lived five and twenty years butler in a bishop's family, and he always said, he'd never be wanting in respect to the church: a parson, child, said he, ought to be treated like God Almighty's servant, and whenever you meet one, boy, always take off your hat."

These sentiments gave me a more favourable opinion of

my fellow-traveller, than the consequential smirk upon his countenance at my first entrance into the carriage had inspired; I requested him to replace his hat, without undeceiving him with regard to my being a member of the church. "God forbid that I should forget my poor old grandfather's instructions, your reverence!" exclaimed he, in an elevated tone of voice; "no, no, never shall it be said, that Nathan Wilkinson got all his grandfather's money, and cared not for his advice; and you must know, Sir, it is about some property that he left me that we three be going to consult the lawyers."

The young man, who had hitherto preserved a total silence, at this part of the conversation raised his head, and, in a melancholy tone of voice, said, "Why, Mr. Wilkinson, will you trouble a total stranger with our private concerns?"

"They are not likely to be so private as you imagine, Mr. Lushington," replied Wilkinson, in an angry tone of voice, "for if a man gives a bond for five hundred pounds to another man's relation, and that man who has the bond happens for to die, why then that man's relation, I say, has a right to do himself justice; but, your reverence must know," continued he, softening his tone as he addressed me, "that there young chap was a great favourite with my grandfather; and so, when he went into business, he lent him five hundred golden guineas to set him afloat, and he gave him a bond for the money, which bond your reverence may justly suppose to be my due; as my dear grandfather left me every farthing he was worth in the varsal world; but when that there chap went to see him upon his death-bed, and my poor grandfather's wits was, as you may say, gone—'Frank Lushington, (says he) Frank Lushington, I never mean to trouble you for that bond; and to-morrow my grandson shall look for it, and then I will tear it to atoms.'

"But, God bless me, your reverence, he would have tore the flesh from his body, if he had not been hindered; for, poor sould, he was, as you may say, stark staring mad at that time. Howsomdever, Sir, to cut short my story, the bond was never destroyed; and that there youngster thinks as how to chouse me out of it, because as how one Doctor Balin, or Baley, happened to be in the room; and

has stood by him, to the detriment of my poor grandfather's own flesh and blood."

"Your grandfather was as perfectly sane at the moment he made the declaration, as you are at this time; and he repeatedly desired you to search amongst the papers for the bond, that he might destroy it; but with sycophantic expressions of friendship towards me, you always made some excuse, and sacredly assured him that you would never put it in force. All my hopes rest upon the respectability of Doctor Bailie's character," continued Mr. Lushington, "who has kindly offered to make an affidavit of Mr. Wilkinson's intentions. If I am compelled to pay this bond, ruin must be the consequence; but we have both been advised to represent the case to Mr. Garrow, and if he decides against me, I must, indeed, go to jail.

"Now, Sir, you have heard both sides of the question, (said Wilkinson) though Master Lushington, I always knew, was up to making his own story good, and he has, for sartin, told it plainly enough; but I, your reverence, have a large family to provide for, and as charity, you know, begins at home, no man I think can blame me for trying to recover five hundred pounds. The lawyers of our town told me I was sure of it, and advised me to arrest him for the debt, but as that there doctor I have been speaking of, said, arrest him at your peril, and as we both be neighbours, why we e'en agreed to pay the fee for consulting a councillor between us."

That a man, who not only appeared to possess religious sentiments, but actually paid external homage to a supposed member of the church, should be lost to every moral duty, struck me as the most extraordinary circumstance, and I merely asked this simple question, "Would your grandfather have demanded the payment of the bond, had he been alive?

"Lord bless you, Sir; no, to be sure he would not," replied Wilkinson, totally thrown off his guard, "why, he always seemed much fonder of him than he was of his own flesh and blood, though, for the matter of that, it was not to be much wondered at, for he was desperately fond of Lushington's mother: but, some how or other, the friends wa'r'nt agreeable, and as the poor woman died in giving that

there chap birth, my grandfather took him, and, as I may say, brought him up."

Wilkinson was prevented from proceeding, by the coach driving into the inn yard; the waiter conducted us into a comfortable apartment, where the passengers from three other stages were assembled, and where a table was spread, and knives and forks laid for eighteen. "Do you dine, gentlemen?" was the immediate enquiry; Wilkinson and I replied in the affirmative, but Lushington and his wife both declined it, and hurried out of the room. The idea that they might have rejected the offer from pecuniary embarrassment struck me, and hurrying after them, I said, "perhaps you dislike mixing with so large a party; in that case, do me the favour of dining with me, and I will order a private room." Though both seemed to feel the kindness of the proposition, they assured me they had taken an early dinner before they quitted home, and as I thought they appeared desirous of having some private conversation, I returned to the public room, where a round of beef, a ham, and fowls, were smoaking upon the table, which each of the party appeared ready to attack.

To be continued.

ON CONNUBIAL LOVE.

IT has been thought to be a peculiar felicity, for any one to be praised by a man who is himself eminently worthy of praise. How much happier, to be prized and loved by a person worthy of love! A man may be esteemed and valued by a friend; but in how different a style of sentiment, from the regard and attachment that may reign in the bosom of a wife! To feel that we are loved by one whose love we have deserved; to be employed in the mutual interchange of the marks of this love; habitually to study the happiness of one, by whom our happiness is studied in return; this is the most desirable, as it is the genuine and unadulterated condition of human nature. Thus love acts, thus it is ripened to perfection; never does man feel himself so much alive, so truly etherial, as when, bursting the bonds of diffidence and reserve, he pours himself entire into the bosom of her he adores.

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

CHARACTERS.

Sir Thomas Oakley	A West Country Baronet.
Fairfield	The Landlord of the Estate.
Willmot	A young Naval Officer.
Frank	A Sailor, his Servant.
Sir Donnelan O Dogherty ..	An Irish fortune-hunter.
Miss Oakley	An Old Maid, Sister to Sir Thomas.
Emma	Her Niece.
Susan	Her Maid.
Dame Woodley	A Farmer's Widow.
Ellen	Her Daughter.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Back of Sir Thomas Oakley's House.

Distant View of the Harbour.

Enter Willmot.

HAIL to my dear native land, to the blissful scenes of infancy!—The proudest, dearest sight an Englishman can wish for: How my heart bounds with ecstacy at once more beholding thee!—Amidst all the toils and perils of our profession, thy chearing idea animates the heart, and nerves the arm to deeds, which envying nations regard with wonder.

SONG.

I.

The sailor's breast with ardour glows
To meet his country's daring foes;
He freely bleeds at every vein
A nation's glory to sustain,
Nor quits his post till fate's decree
Dooms him to Death or Victory.

II.

And should he fall, a monarch's tear,
Like a rich gem will deck his bier;
Dear to his country, friends, and fame,
Immortal honours grace his name;
And all regret the stern decree
Which damp'd the joy of victory.

Emma appears at a window.

Emma. Ah! What voice was that—Willmot?—this is pleasure unexpected.

Willmot. My dear Emma! I cannot speak my rapture.

Emma. Pardon me, Mr. Willmot, I could not conceal my surprise at sight of you; but perhaps you have forgotten what passed at Naples; perhaps you have formed other engagements.

Willmot. Do not think so unjustly of me, my lovely girl; my heart has never known another attachment; but your abrupt departure, Emma—was not that unkind?

Emma. It was unavoidable: my aunt, when convinced of her ridiculous error, was so much enraged, that she confined me in my apartment till every thing was ready for our embarkation, and I was then hurried on board, without the smallest idea of our destination; but I have a thousand things to tell you.

Willmot. Cannot you let me in?

Emma. I dare not, my aunt is in the house; but if you will come to the garden gate at six o'clock, Susan shall bring you a letter—be discreet, I beseech you.

Miss Oakley. (Within.)—"Emma, my Emma."—"I am coming, Aunt."——Leave me now, Willmot, should she see you, we are undone.

Willmot. (Kissing his hand to her.) I will be cautious; remember six—Adieu. [*Exit Emma.*

Enter Frank, with a portmanteau.

Frank. Well, Sir, where shall we stow this lumber?

Willmot. Carry it to the Angel for the present; but, my dear fellow, you cannot imagine what a fortunate discovery I have made. Look at that house, you rogue—*(pointing to Oakley's.)*

Frank. Well, Sir, it is a very pretty house, but it is not an inn.

Willmot. An inn!—No, truly, but it is the sign of the Angel for all that. That is the residence of Miss Oakley, Frank.

Frank. (Leaping.) What—the pretty English girl we saw at Naples? chain me to the yard arm, but this is a lucky heave.

Willmot. The same; and now fortune has placed her once more within my reach; call me a coward, if I again suffer her to slip through my fingers.

Frank. What, do you intend to be spliced directly?

Willmot. As soon as possible.

Frank. Avast—that is a bad look out.

Willmot. Pho! I will not allow you to rail against matrimony—it is not the motto of a true British sailor—look at your tobacco box.

Frank. Ah, that always puts my *pipe* out.

Willmot. 'Tis a bad pun.

Frank. It was a gift from that faithless jade, Susan.—*(Singing)* "If you loves I, as I loves you," and, you know the rest.

Willmot. Come, come, cheer up, man—there may be luck in the locker for you yet. Now, go and seek out a comfortable birth for us; I have a little business to transact, and will meet you at the Angel.—[*Exit Frank.*]—Now, to find out the residence of my poor mother, and glad her sad heart with the account of my success; I hope she has not heard of my being promoted. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Sir Thomas Oakley's House.

Sir Thomas and Miss Oakley.

Sir T. Hold your tongue, Prue; I tell you the girl is as good as she is pretty; it is so long ago since you was young, that you can make no allowances.

Miss O. Not I, indeed; I can make no allowances for such impudence—tell me not of her beauty; she is a pert forward gipsey, and should be kept close. It was but this very morning, that I caught her kissing her hand to a pert chap, tricked out in his uniform. When I was young, girls were modest and discreet—they never courted admiration.

Sir T. Bless me, Prue; why, I declare, your memory is better than I thought it; I protest, now, I cannot recollect so long back.

Miss O. Psha!—none of your sneers—something must be done with this girl, or she will throw herself away.

Sir T. Why, you know Mr. Fairfield will be of age to-morrow, and then he will, in all probability, fix the wedding-day. Till that time there cannot be much danger, while I have such a *prudent*, *discreet* sister to look after her.

Miss O. Oh! now you talk like a dear, good-natured, sensible old man. Oh! the follies of this age are enough to make one shudder.

Sir T. I am thinking—

Miss O. What now?

Sir T. Why, I am thinking, that there was as much folly to be seen in our time, as now; only, that we were then the young fools, who practised it, instead of the old fools, who condemn it.

Miss O. There, now you are at your nonsense again; well, I must go and look after that intriguing jade, Susan, or she will be plotting mischief, I warrant her. [*Exit.*

Oakley. When once a man suffers himself to be governed by a woman, how difficult it is to shake off the yoke! This sister of mine rules my house with such despotic sway, that I have but the shadow of authority; I may thank her rigid prudence for being now childless; my easy, pliant disposition, would have forgiven the errors of a repentant wife, had she not, by awakening family pride, taught me to subdue the feelings of nature.

Enter Emma.

Emma. My dear uncle, you look unusually thoughtful, what new calumny has your good sister been inventing, to injure me in your opinion?

Sir T. Your levity, Emma, is a perpetual source of complaint with your aunt.——Would to heaven you were married out of my hands!

Emma. Are you then weary of the charge, Sir?

Sir T. No, my dear girl, you know I love you; but I have a thousand apprehensions on your account. I own I am weary of your aunt's ill humour, and wish you would be more studious to please her.

Emma. Sir, I cannot be answerable for her caprices. In obedience to your wishes, I have promised my hand to Mr. Fairfield—though you know my affections have long been bestowed elsewhere.

Sir T. I will hear no more of this childish nonsense; Mr.

Fairfield is a worthy man—the pride of the country! It was my dear brother's last request, that I would see you advantageously disposed of in marriage, and you know the deprivation of your whole fortune is the consequence of your refusal.

Emma. I think not of such considerations; I am not mercenary.

Sir T. Very likely—such romantic folly suits your sex and age; but I know better what is proper for you, and you will hereafter have cause to thank me for my present severity. [*Exit.*

Emma. How am I to act? this match-making is an absurb business. I have but one resource—I will throw myself on the generosity of Fairfield; if he is the man represented to me, he will scorn to take advantage of our parents' injudicious arrangements. Amiable though he may be, I am certain I can never love any one but Willmot.

AIR.

When idle dreams thy fancy cheating,
My lover's image bring to view;
The glowing cheek, the pulse high beating,
Assure me still my heart is true.

I wake to count the passing hours,
Recalling scenes of fancied joys,
Hope's visions fade like summer flowers,
Which winter's chilling blast destroys.

But I will do nothing rashly. I have written to him, explaining the particulars of my situation: he must advise me how to act. If he has sufficient to enable us to live comfortably together, what need have I for riches! I know he is too disinterested to require fortune, and with my dear sailor I should be happy, even in indigence—could I but prevail on my uncle to consent! *Exit.*]

[To be continued.]

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

THERE are so many charms in friendship, that we feel a degree of pleasure, even in perceiving that we are a little deluded by the sentiments it inspires. May not this observation be with equal propriety applied to love?

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. I.

FOR the gratification of those who take pleasure in literary pursuits, we have adopted a plan, which we trust will serve to correct the taste, and improve the judgment of our fair readers. It is our intention, in a regular series of papers, to enter into an impartial review of female literature; which will comprise, under distinct heads, the advantages resulting from literary pursuits; the names and peculiar style of various authors, with a list of their respective works; a brief review of the latest publications, and a few choice extracts from those which are most worthy of recommendation: cautiously selecting such only as are fit to meet the female eye; omitting all those, which, while possessing every advantage of style and interest, can in any degree tend to corrupt the heart, or mislead the ardent imagination of youth.

* * * * * * *

Novels and romances, however generally deprecated, are yet universally read, and when written with elegance, improved by purity of moral, we know of no pursuit more likely to improve the manners, and awaken the sensibilities of the heart, than a moderate perusal of them. It is, however, the duty of every writer to consider, before they commit the effusion of a wild imagination to paper, whether their invented tale be such as they could with confidence put into the hands of their own children; whether the character of their hero or heroine, is the model of what they would chuse as their companion for life; or whether the sentiments they are about to inculcate, are compatible with christian piety, integrity, and domestic duty. Under such a regulation of genius, novelists would no longer incur the opprobium with which they have been (in many instances justly) stigmatised: works of imagination would hold a distinguished place in polite literature, and we should no longer hear, that a circulating library is the repertorium of vice, folly, and extravagance. Notwithstanding we thus undertake the cause of romance, we cannot but acknowledge that

there are other studies more profitable, and which should take place of lighter pursuits; yet, as the fascination of romantic language and imagery, will often give to the most serious truths an air of fiction, and on the other hand convey instruction under the semblance of amusement, it may be found effectual in exciting the attention of those who read but for diversion, and who would despise truth in her plain homely garb. Geography, natural history, and above all, the history of nations, form an indispensible part of education; it is not sufficient to translate a French tale, or tell who wrote the last novel; this knowledge does not form an accomplished woman, and there are many, who, with refined taste, and brilliant imagination, may yet be accounted ignorant; because in their early youth, they, through indolence, a perverted taste, or want of proper instructors, neglected the more important branches of literature.

It has been asserted, that women, in a certain sphere of life, have no business with any pursuit which interferes with domestic occupations. In some measure we allow this to be just; yet, as habits of idleness and inattention are found to take deep root in persons of all ranks, we cannot but vindicate it on the score of its being as harmless, at least, as card playing, or scandal retailing. Those who are inclined to neglect domestic duties, will always find pretences; and there are innumerable instances of literary women, who make the relaxations of their leisure hours tend to the improvement of the rising generation, without neglecting their duties, as wives or mothers. The ignorant have their vices, perhaps in a greater degree than the informed; and illiberal must be the prejudice which would exclude the advantages of education, from minds so amiably calculated to turn those advantages to the best account. We subjoin a list of the most eminent and admired authors, and we are happy to say, that the greater number of them are as commendable for their conduct in private life, as conspicuous for their genius and literary acquirements. Their names have long been sufficient to make their works universally sought for, yet it is but justice to say, that there are many anonymous writers, whose exertions are equally worthy of praise, though fame has not yet given them the value of public approbation—most of these shall be noticed in the course of our review.

LIST OF MODERN AUTHORS.

D'Arblay, Mrs. (late Miss Burney.)
Barbauld, Mrs.
Bennet, Mrs.
Curties, Mr.
Charlton, Mrs.
Edgeworth, Miss
La Fontaine, Augustus
Godwin, Mr.
Gunning, Miss
De Genlis, Madame
Holcroft, Mr.
Hunter, Mrs.
Helme, Mrs.
Hamilton, Miss
Inchbald, Mrs.
Le Noir, Mrs.
Lee, Mrs.
Le Brun, Pignult
Moore, Dr.
Mavor, Dr.
More, Mrs.
Meeke, Mrs.
Opie, Mrs.
Pratt, Mr.
Pilkington, Mrs.
Plumbtree, Miss
Parsons, Mrs.
Reeve, Clara
Roche, Mrs.
Radcliffe, Mrs.
Smith, Charlotte
De Staël Holstein, Madame
Surr, Mr.
Siddons, Mr.
Young, Mrs.

Of their respective productions we shall presume to give the following account.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

THE writings of this ingenious lady are too justly celebrated to require further encomiums from us. Her "Cecelia," and "Evelina," have acquired a degree of reputation, which time has not diminished; equally correct in her pictures of high or low life, her novels possess such peculiar powers of fascination, that few, if any, have since been able to equal them. Her last work, "Camilla," though rather too voluminous, posesses great merit, and almost equal spirit; and we have only to regret, that she no longer continues to amuse the public.

MRS. BARBAULD

HAS long been the amiable instructress of youth; her pieces are too numerous to describe separately, and as they are merely designed for children, it would perhaps be unnecessary to enter into a regular detail: let it suffice, that her name has never yet been affixed to any work, which did not blend amusement with the strictest piety.

MRS. BENNET.

THE admirable novels which this lady has produced, stand high in public estimation. We believe her first popular work was "Juvenile Indiscretions;" and the favourable reception it met with, has encouraged her to proceed, undauntedly, in her literary career. She has since presented the public with "Anna, or Memoirs of a Welch Heiress;" "Ellen, Countess of Castle Howell;" "The Beggar Girl;" and "Vicissitudes Abroad, or the Ghost of my Father." Of these we cannot but speak with the highest approbation. Her "Beggar Girl" is unquestionably the best, and though her style may be thought rather heavy, her delineation of nature is so correct, her plot so interesting, and her morals so pure, that we should be sorry to see the flimsy productions of modern novelists take precedency of her excellent works; her last novel contains an interesting picture of the troubles on the continent.

MR. HORSLEY CURTIS.

THE lovers of the sublime and terrific will be amply gratified by this gentleman's works, and we cannot but admire the ingenuity of his invention, while we regret that such distorted creatures of imagination should ever be encouraged. The Sons of "Ethelwolf," and "The Watch Tower," are fabricated with peculiar skill; the style is energetic, the plot interesting; and, as romances, we cannot but acknowledge that they possess peculiar merit.

[To be continued.]

ENGLISH SEAMEN.

IT is indeed a remark, which even my own experience has suggested, that, however discontented from other causes, there is a generous sentiment in English seamen, which, in cases of difficulty and danger, restrains them to their duty and fidelity. Thus it has frequently happened, that symptoms of a mutiny on board our vessels have been suppressed by the appearance of an enemy; when all as eagerly united to defend their officers, as they before had conspired to resist their authority. *Turnbull's Voyage.*

THE SISTERS OF ROSE DALE:

OR,

MODERN ADOPTION.

A NOVEL.

MATILDA and FANNY were the daughters of a widow woman, who rented a cottage, situated about a mile from Taunton. Their father had been a respectable farmer, but having been mislead by some dissolute neighbours, he embarassed his affairs too far to extricate himself, and plunging into excesses to banish reflection, he shortened his days by habits of intemperance, and left his family to struggle with the horrors of indigence, and unmerited contempt. In the days of their prosperity, Matilda had been the favourite of her parents; her person was lovely in the extreme, and her manners infinitely prepossessing; her father had secretly cherished an air-built hope of marrying her to the squire's son, and had not failed to instill into her youthful mind, ideas of self importance, which displayed themselves, as she grew old enough to appreciate her own attractions. Fanny, a year younger than her sister, possessed no other recommendation than a good heart, and an obliging disposition; her features were remarkably homely, and she seemed to take more delight in domestic occupations, than in the decoration of her own person. On Sundays, when Matilda eagerly hastened to church, to display some new finery, which her too indulgent father had purchased for her, little Fanny staid contentedly at home to assist in preparing the dinner, and employed every interval in the perusal of some book which contained pious instruction: Matilda had been taught to finger an old spinet which stood in the best room, but as Fanny had no leisure for such recreations, she was willing to amuse herself with simple ditties, or hymns to the Creator. Adversity, however, was less painfully felt by her than by Matilda. In the wreck of their former luxuries, Fanny lost nothing; her dress had been always coarse and plain, and though the spinet was necessarily sold, she had still her prayer and hymn book to console her. Matilda, on the contrary, did nothing but repine: she could no longer appear

at church, without meeting some pointed sneer from her neighbours; and home was irksome, when no source of amusement remained. The declining health of Mrs. Dawson required the tenderest attentions from her children, but she perceived with anguish, that the most indulged are not always the most grateful, and mourned inwardly, the mistaken pride which had formerly led her to distinguish, with marked partiality, one so inferior in every useful attainment, to the neglected Fanny. Jealousy and ill temper now influenced the behaviour of Matilda towards her patient sister; every invidious comparison which malice could dictate, was made by her to torment and mortify the uncomplaining girl, who vainly strove to avert her displeasure, by innumerable kind offices. The obvious partiality of her parents, instead of exciting envy in her gentle bosom, had only taught her to respect and love her sister as a pattern of female perfection; and the occasional asperity of her temper, she considered as the natural consequence of their unhappy change of circumstances. Thus were they situated, when an incident occurred which left her in unrivalled possession of her remaining parent's affection.

One evening, in the beginning of December, a heavy fog obscured the country, and rendered the roads almost impassable. A chariot, which was travelling towards London, was overturned in a deep ditch, and the lady, who was in it, so severely hurt, that her servants were obliged to seek assistance at the cottage. Mrs. Dawson, with her usual benevolence of heart, busied herself in administering restoratives to the fainting stranger, and had soon the satisfaction to see her benefitted by her cares; and Matilda, interested by the elegant figure and dress of the lady, with the additional stimulus of learning that she was dignified by a title, was equally active and attentive. The Countess reviving, and finding herself so kindly treated, expressed her gratitude in energetic terms, and particularly noticing Matilda, enquired if she was the daughter of Mrs. Dawson; being answered in the affirmative, she indirectly hinted her surprise that a young person, of such polished manners, should reside in an humble cottage. The compliment was not lost upon Matilda; the dormant sparks of vanity were rekindled in her breast, and her intelligent eyes spoke the pleasure she

could not conceal. After a few hours rest, during which time Lady Fitzgerald had made various enquiries respecting the family, and formed her own conclusions as to the present state of their finances; she said, with a winning smile, "I am almost tempted to act like the rest of the world, and repay benefits with ingratitude. What would you say, Mrs. Dawson, were I to steal your pretty daughter from you?" The flush of joy and expectation tinged Matilda's cheek, and she waited her mother's reply with breathless anxiety. "You are pleased to flatter her humble pretensions, Madam," said Mrs. Dawson; "once we enjoyed comforts, which left us without a wish to change; but now, reduced as we are, I cannot but acknowledge that it would be a great consolation to me to see my daughter in a creditable situation, by which she might be enabled to support herself, should Providence deprive her of a mother's care; the destitute condition in which I should leave my poor children, is a heavy burthen to my mind, but she is yet too young to suit your purpose." "You are mistaken," replied Lady Fitzgerald; "I had no idea of taking her as a servant; I am a single woman, and want society; for though possessing rank and fortune, I live a retired life, and prefer a social circle, to the dissipation in which people of fashion are usually engaged. I have no children of my own, and in adopting your daughter, I have the selfish wish of attaching to myself one pure uncontaminated heart." Lady Fitzgerald sighed as she concluded, and it was evident that some domestic sorrow brought with it painful recollections. Mrs. Dawson was too much oppressed to speak; she pressed the hand which the Countess extended to her, and remained silent, but her countenance bespoke grateful assent; and Lady Fitzgerald, turning to Matilda, asked her whether she was willing to accept her offer. Matilda, too young for reflection, too ambitious to yield to the voice of natural affection, and too sanguine to dream of future evils, gave an eager acquiescence; and Mrs. Dawson, thinking only of the advantages which might accrue to her darling, ratified her assent, by leaving all the necessary arrangements to Lady Fitzgerald. "Well then," said she, "I will stop a few days at Wells, where your daughter may meet me; this will afford you time to get her things in order, I have only to

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desire that you will not make any addition to her stock of clothes, as that shall be my care when we get to town; should any misfortune befall you, be assured you shall never want a friend; above all, be satisfied, that though partiality has induced me to adopt Matilda, your other daughter shall find protection with me, if she is not otherwise provided for, when you are taken from her." During this conversation, Fanny sat silent with downcast looks, and eyes full of tears; her generous heart swelled with rapture at her sister's good fortune, yet a degree of melancholy took possession of her mind, at thus being separated from one with whom she had passed the happy hours of infancy. Matilda was all joy, affability, and good-humour; the darling wish of her heart, that of moving in a higher sphere, was about to be gratified, and she, in imagination, anticipated pleasures which could never cloy. As soon as the carriage was released, Lady Fitzgerald took leave, and at parting contrived, unknown to Mrs. Dawson, to leave a ten pound note in a work basket, which stood on the table. The two following days were occupied in all the bustle of preparation: the neighbours were apprised of this sudden change in her prospects, and the youthful companions of Matilda were promised elegant presents, when she was permitted by the good Lady Fitzgerald to visit her mother. At length the anxiously wished for day arrived. Matilda hurried into the stage which was to convey her to Wells, and almost broke from the embraces of her mother and sister, in her eagerness to depart. "Heaven protect you, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, as she ascended the steps, "write to me as often as you have leisure, I shall think every day a year till I hear from you." "I will, I will, mother," was all she had time to articulate, before the coach drove off, and Mrs. Dawson, with the sobbing Fanny, returned disconsolate to their cheerless cottage. "I wish I had not suffered her to go," said Mrs. Dawson, "I was hurried into it somehow; however, I thought I did my duty; should I err, my motives are my only consolation." "Dear Mother," cried Fanny, "why do you think so differently now from what you did yesterday? you was then quite pleased with the thoughts of Matilda's good luck. The Countess is a charming woman, and I dare say, she will be very kind." "I do not doubt it," re-

plied Mrs. Dawson, "but I know Matilda's temper, and should she displease Lady Fitzgerald, so as to occasion her to send her back, her mind will be quite unsettled: she will despise our humble home more than ever."—"That would be cruel indeed, mother," observed Fanny, "you know poverty is not our fault." Thus passed the tedious hours till bed-time; Mrs. Dawson passed a sleepless night, and the morning renewed the scene of regret; for wherever she turned her eyes, Matilda was missed.

Matilda, meanwhile, cast not "a longing lingering look behind;" her thoughts were all directed forwards, and she sat absorbed in thought, building castles in the clouds, till a sudden jolt of the carriage, by bringing her head in contact with that of her opposite fellow-traveller, convinced her that she was an inhabitant of the earth, and subject to corporeal feelings. An apology in consequence took place, and Matilda perceived that her fellow-sufferer was a young man, of pleasing appearance, and genteel address; he soon began to be very officious, and, with infinite dexterity, drew from Matilda all the particulars of her present situation and future prospects. When she incautiously named Lady Fitzgerald, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, then suddenly recollecting himself, he grew more reserved, and discoursed on indifferent topics, such as the severity of the frost, the extensive view from the hills they were descending, &c. &c. which occupied them till the coach entered Wells, when he immediately alighted, on pretence of visiting a friend, politely expressing the pleasure he anticipated in meeting her at Lady Fitzgerald's, where he said he was a frequent visitor.

This was the first piece of gallantry Matilda had ever experienced, and it raised in her breast some very agreeable sensations; in a few minutes they arrived at the inn, where Lady Fitzgerald with open arms received her. Matilda was highly gratified by her ladyship's condescension, and the elegant repast of which she was invited to partake at the same table, the contrast it afforded, compared with the frugal fare to which she had been lately accustomed, was highly pleasing, and she went to repose with spirits unchecked by one apprehensive thought of future calamity.

[*To be continued.*]

THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH OF M. IMBERT.

THE French had always an excellent knack at *Story-Telling*, and, notwithstanding the revolution of empires, it is well-known they have not yet lost this talent. They contrive to make a great deal of very little, and substitute for wit a certain *naiveté*, which passes current—but the moral! Ah! that is their last consideration; in this particular an English translator seldom permits his author to suffer.—This may serve as an apology for the liberty taken in altering some parts of the following little story.

" Monsieur and Madame D'Erimont were united by the wishes of their friends; inclination had no share in the match, as they had but casually seen each other in public, and it was fortunate on both sides that neither had any previous attachment to another. Madame D'Erimont possessed an ample fortune, this was all D'Erimont knew about her; in fact, he cared for little else, and whether she was well-informed or ignorant, amiable or dissolute, was what he had not even found leisure to enquire into. Yet D'Erimont was not a depraved character; brilliant talents, joined to fascinating manners, made him an object of general admiration, his society was courted by both sexes, and the dull tedium of domestic life was not by any means suited to his lively taste. His wife was handsome, so much the better, he was not ashamed to acknowledge her in public; but as for a tête a tête, oh, that was insupportable!

" Madame D'Erimont, as amiable as handsome, perceived her husband's indifference with pain at first, but when it became habitual, her chagrin wore away, and she again enjoyed the gaieties she had been accustomed to. Too proud to complain, she suffered every one to praise D'Erimont, as the most complaisant and generous husband in the world; she saw, with delight, that he was the object of universal admiration, and self-love was gratified by the consolatory idea that he was her husband; the uncontrouled liberty she enjoyed was highly agreeable to her, and she persuaded herself that their estranged way of living was mere matter of

course, and conformity with fashionable manners. Thus passed their time till Madame D'Erimont was delivered of a daughter. D'Erimont was informed of the acquisition, but he had wished for a son, and his joyous expectations were damped; however, he put the best face on the matter, paid his lady a morning visit, expressed his hopes of her speedy recovery; called the child "Sweet baby," and hastened to a dinner party, where, in two hours time he forgot that he was a father, or even that he was married.

"Madame D'Erimont's whole soul was wrapped up in her child; she no longer took pleasure in dissipated amusements, but found the purest delight in maternal love. She confined herself wholly with her infant, and occasionally a complaining sigh burst from her bosom, that her husband was not present to share her pleasures. Her tender cares were rewarded by the gradual improvement of her lovely daughter, and two years of serene joy passed away almost unobserved.

"One evening, when D'Erimont had had a run of ill-luck at a gaming-house, he returned home rather earlier than his usual hour; for some time he paced his apartment in extreme bad temper—at length he threw himself into a chair, and mechanically fixing his eyes on the opposite wall, he beheld the portrait of Madame D'Erimont—a sudden thought struck him, he rung for his servant, and ordered him to inquire if his lady pleased to admit him. The servant, astonished at an order so unexpected, stared with an expression of comical surprise, and stood like one petrified, till D'Erimont, in an authoritative tone, repeated his command; and the servant knew his temper too well to hesitate a moment longer.

"Madame D'Erimont, equally amazed, and ignorant to what motive she might attribute this unlooked-for visit, replied, that "she should be happy to receive him." D'Erimont immediately went to her apartment, and after politely expressing a hope that he did not incommode her, took a seat. The usual compliments passed on both sides, they conversed on indifferent subjects, fashionable scandal, and the politics of the day; each had wit, and by degrees the chat became lively. At length it grew late, and D'Erimont, with some degree of embarrassment, demanded permission to

sup with her. Madame replied, gaily, "With all my heart; but I fear you will make an indifferent repast." It was soon served, and D'Erimont found it delicate, though not sumptuous—in fact, he seemed as if he had formed a new acquaintance; and the novelty charmed him so much, that he felt ashamed to mention the original purpose of his visit.—Madame D'Erimont looked at her watch—in polite society this is a hint for guests to retire—and D'Erimont took it as such; they parted better pleased with each other than either expected.

"On the following evening D'Erimont was engaged to a concert, but, having an hour to spare, he resolved on paying a visit to Madame, and, at the same time, to make the request he had meditated the evening before. Madame D'Erimont received him with pleasure; and on his enquiring if she had it in her power to accommodate him with a small supply of cash, for an immediate necessity—she, without hesitation, presented him a purse, containing a hundred Louis d'ors. Such prompt compliance flattered and pleased him—he found it impossible to take an abrupt leave after such a favour—and this evening passed in the same manner as that which preceded it, notwithstanding D'Erimont's previous engagement.

"The next evening D'Erimont had no engagement, and to prevent the time from passing heavily, he again requested permission to sup with Madame. With her usual condescension, she assented; and the conversation was more animated than ever. In the midst of their supper, D'Erimont said, laughing, "You can hardly imagine, Madame, how much you have improved since your marriage."—"My marriage," replied Madame D'Erimont smiling, "I really believe my marriage took place much about the same time as your's, yet I cannot return the compliment." D'Erimont coloured. "You are right, Madame; yet you are more agreeable than ever."—"Such a compliment, three years after marriage, is really very flattering," said Madame D'Erimont. "And it is but justice for me to say, that I should think the same of you, but that my opinion of you, at that period, admitted not of improvement." The hours seemed to fly in this agreeable intercourse; at last Madame D'Erimont rising, and going to her cabinet, said, "I fear you thought

me niggardly last night, what I gave was not sufficient for a temporary embarrassment; do me the favour to accept this," tendering him another purse. Though equally in want of cash, delicacy prevented D'Erimont from accepting it. "You distress me," said he, "I came hither merely for the pleasure of your society; I would not inconvenience you for the world."—"You need not fear that," replied Madame D'Erimont, "I live very frugally, and have always sufficient by me for exigencies."—"Heavens! Madame, how do you manage?"—"I will tell you," said she, "but no—do me the honour to take your chocolate with me to-morrow, and I will shew you my little plan of economy." D'Erimont promised, and departed. The first part of the night was passed in unpleasant reflections on his own thoughtless extravagance, which had irretrievably involved his affairs, and now threatened to overwhelm an amiable woman, whose merit he had learned almost too late to appreciate. The morning came: D'Erimont was punctual to his engagement, and Madame received him with welcoming smiles. She looked almost more lovely than the evening before; dissipation had not robbed her cheek of its natural bloom, pleasure dimpled her cheek, and her eyes shone with the brilliancy of good-humour. D'Erimont saluted her cordially, then took his chocolate, and reminded her of her promise. She threw open the door of an adjoining room, called "Henrietta," and in a moment a lovely blooming girl rushed into her arms. Turning to D'Erimont, she exclaimed, "This is my plan of economy; for her I have relinquished every other pursuit; for her I save all!"—Tears of maternal fondness filled her eyes, and, melted by the scene, D'Erimont threw his arms round them both, and exclaimed, "This is my child! for her I will do the same."—From that moment D'Erimont became in reality the best of husbands."

Thus, by complacent kindness, and proper address, Madame D'Erimont reclaimed him from habits of dissipation, into which he would have plunged deeper, had harshness or levity, on her side, been substituted for that amiable gentleness, which ever finds its way to the generous heart. Perhaps few Englishwomen would have had the stoicism of

Madame D'Erimont; we hope few have occasion to exercise it: but to those who have, the lesson may be salutary, and we have little doubt of its infallibility.

E. F.

Extract from Mr. Donald Campbell's Narrative of an Overland Journey to India.

THE following extract is selected as a specimen of the sublimity of thought which enriches the mind of this intelligent traveller; on the most trivial subjects he finds an opportunity of introducing ideas which tend to exalt the imagination beyond its usual limits, and while he professes only to amuse, he imperceptibly blends instruction of the most important kind, that of rendering his fellow-creatures as pious and resigned as he must himself have been, amidst the numerous perils and hardships which he encountered.

"Augsburg is a handsome city, the capital of a bishopric of that name, in the circle of Suabia: the public buildings are magnificent, and adorned with fountains of water, engines of curious construction, and statuary of the most exquisite workmanship; on the whole, it is a delightful place to live in. Touched with the sensations natural to a man who loves to see his fellow-creatures happy—for happy here indeed the inhabitants seemed—my heart expanded to a system of harmony and peace, comprehending the whole globe. My heart expatiated involuntarily on the blessings and advantages to be derived from such a system; and taking flight from the bounds of practicability, to which our nature is pinioned on this earth, into the regions of fancy, had reared a fabric of Utopian mould, which, I verily believe, exceeded in extravagance the works of all the Utopian architects, who ever constructed castles in the air. Hurried on by this delightful vision, my person paid involuntary obedience to my mind, and the quickness of my pace increasing with the impetuosity of my thoughts, I found myself, before I was aware of it, within the gate of the Carmelites' convent; perceiving my error, I immediately turned about, in order to depart, when a friar, a goodly person of a

man, elderly, and of a benign aspect, called me, and advancing towards me, asked in terms of politeness, and in the French language, "why I was retreating so abruptly?" I was confused, but truth, before whom confusion ever flies, instructed me, and I told him the whole of my mistake, also the thoughts from which it arose. The good father, waving further discourse on the subject, but with a smile, which I thought expressive of mixed benevolence for myself and contempt for my ideas, brought me through the church, and shewed me all the curiosities of the place. Quitting the chapel, and going towards the refectory, the friar stopped, and looking at me with a smile of gaity, said, "I have yet something to shew you, which, as it will make its way with more force and subtlety to your senses, than those you have yet seen, will probably be retained longer in your remembrance." He spoke a few words in German to a lay brother, and turning down a long alley, brought me to his cell, whether we were soon followed by the lay brother, with a large jug of liquor, two glasses, and a plate with some delicately white biscuit.

"You must know," said the friar, "that the convent of the Carmelites has, for ages, been famed for beer, unequalled in any part of the world, and I have brought you here to have your opinion, for you are an Englishman, and must consequently be a judge; your country being famed for luxury and a perfect knowledge of the *Sçavoir Vivre*."

He poured out, and drank to me; it looked more like the clearest champaign, than any beer; I had never tasted such exquisite beverage, and he seemed highly gratified by the praises I bestowed on it. After we had drank a glass each, "I have been reflecting," said the friar, "on the singular flight of fancy, which directed your steps to this convent—your mind was diseased, my son! A propitious superintending power has guided you to a physician, if you will but have the goodness to take the medicine he offers." I stared with visible marks of astonishment: "you are surprised," he continued, "but hear; when you first disclosed to me those sickly flights of your mind, I could in an instant have answered them; but you are young, you are an Englishman, two characters impatient of reproof. The dogmas of a priest, therefore, I thought, would be sufficiently difficult to be digested, with-

out any additional distaste, caught from the chilling gloom of a chapel." I looked unintentionally at the jug, and smiled: "It is very true," said he, catching my very inmost thoughts from the expression of my countenance, "good doctrines may, at certain times, and with certain persons, be more effectually enforced, under the cheering influence of the social board, than by the authoritative declamation and formal sanctity of the pulpit; nor am I, though a Carmelite, one of those who pretend to think that a thing, good in itself, can be made bad, by decent hilarity and the animation produced by a moderate use of the goods of this earth." I was astonished. "You fell into a reverie," he continued, "produced by the contemplation of the happiness of a society existing without any difference, and where no human breath should be wasted on a sigh—no ear be tortured with a groan; no tears to trickle, no griefs, no calamities to wring the heart." "Yes, father," cried I, catching the idea with my usual enthusiasm, "that would be my wish, that my greatest, first desire!!" "Then seest thou the extent of thy wish?" said he, interrupting me, "suppose you could realize it, which, thank God, you cannot." "How thank God that I cannot; are these your sentiments?" "Yes, my son, and they will be yours too." "Impossible!" "Hear me, my son: is not death a dreadful precipice to the view of human creatures?" "Assuredly," said I, "the most horrible; human laws declare that, by resorting to it for punishment as the ultimatum of all terrible inflictions." "When, then," he resumed, "covered as we are with misery, to leave this world is so insupportable, that few can bear the thoughts of it with becoming fortitude, what must it be if we had nothing but joy and felicity to taste in this life? Mark me, my child," said he, with an animated zeal, which gave to his countenance an expression beyond any thing I had ever seen, "the miseries, the calamities, the heart rendings, and the tears, which are so closely woven by the great artist in our natures, as not to be separated in a single instance, are in the first place a security of a future state, and in the next serve to slope the way before us, and, by a gradual operation, fit our minds for viewing, with some degree of fortitude, that terrific state—death! View those miseries then as the special acts of

mercy and commiseration, of a beneficent Creator; who, with every calamity, melts away a link of that chain, which fetters our wishes to this dismal world. Accept his goods and blessings, when he sends them, with gratitude and enjoyment; receive his afflictions, too, with as grateful acceptance; thus, and thus only, will you realize all your Utopian flights and desire, by turning every thing to matter of comfort, and living contented with dispensations which you cannot alter, and if you could, would certainly alter for the worse."

I sat absorbed in reflection: the friar, after a pause, continued—

"Errors, arising from a virtuous disposition, and the love of our fellow-creatures, take their complexion from their parent motive, and are virtuous. Your wishes, my son, though erroneous, merit reward, and, I trust, will receive it from that Being who sees the recesses of the heart; and if the truths I have told you have not failed to make their way to your understanding, let the adventure of this day impress this incontrovertible maxim on your mind—So limited is man, so imperfect his nature, that the extent of his virtue borders on vice, and the extent of his wisdom on error."

I thought he was inspired; and just as he got to the last period every organ was open to take in his words.

"'Tis well, my son," said he, "I perceive you like my doctrine:"—then changing his tone and cast of feature, "take some more of it," pouring out a fresh glass. "The beer of this convent never hurts the intellect." Our conversation lasted till near dinner time, for I was so delighted I scarcely knew how to snatch myself away. Such a happy mixture of piety and pleasantry, grave wisdom and humour, I had never before met with. At length the convent-bell tolling, I rose. He took me by the hand, and in a tone of the most complacent admonition, said, "Remember, my child, remember, as long as you live, the convent of the Carmelites; and in the innumerable evils which certainly await you, if you are to live long, the words you have heard from old father Augustine will afford you comfort."—"Father," returned I, "be assured I carry away from you a token that will never suffer me to forget the hospitality, the politeness, and the advice of the good father Augustine.

Poor as I am in proper means, I can make no other return than my thanks and good wishes; but as my esteem for you, and perhaps my vanity, makes me wish not to be forgotten, accept this, (a seal ring which I had on my finger) and when you look at it, remember one of those, I dare say innumerable instances, in which you have contributed to the happiness and improvement of your fellow-creatures." The good old man was affected—I saw a tear glisten in his eye. He took the ring, and attended me to the gate, pronouncing many benedictions, and charging me to make Augsburg my way back to England, if possible, and take one more glass of the convent ale."

FASHION AND CAPRICE.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN former times Genius and Elegance held the most distinguished rank in this island: their possessions were extensive, and their characters respected by those who were admitted into their society. One daughter was the produce of their union, and she fortunately inherited the graces and virtues of her parents. No expense was spared on her education—masters of every kind were provided to instruct her—and the facility with which she imbibed and even improved their lessons, was highly gratifying to her parents. Taste, so was this accomplished daughter named, became the object of general admiration; and even those who had never been in company with her, took pride in boasting their pretensions to her acquaintance. At the decease of Elegance, who unhappily fell into a lingering decline, her husband, ever versatile in his pursuits, formed an attachment with a damsel of low birth, named Ignorance, and struck by the charms of feature alone, married her. The refined manners of her husband and daughter-in-law in great measure corrected the original vulgarity of her manners; but Taste, who remembered with unceasing regret the amiable parent she had lost, behaved towards her step-mother with such obvious coldness, as by degrees filled the mind of Ignorance with envy and malice, and she found cause of exultation in the prospect of presenting to her husband a fresh object of

tenderness—which hope was soon realized by the birth of a daughter, which was in due time named Folly. This child, who was the exact image of her mother, too soon engrossed all the love which Genius had once borne towards his eldest daughter, and the most pernicious indulgences were granted the froward infant.

The growth of Folly was rapid, and she had soon the advantage of her sister in height, complexion, and form; but her intellects were defective. A young nobleman of foreign extraction, named Extravagance, had frequently met with her in public, for she constantly attended every place of entertainment, and made herself too conspicuous to pass unnoticed. Learning that she was heiress to a considerable fortune, Extravagance soon made proposals, which were accepted, and the lucky bridegroom exultingly hurried the nuptials, and carried his fair prize in triumph to the Continent, where she has ever since remained. Taste was not sorry to be freed from the irksome society of a sister so unlike herself: neither their tempers nor pursuits had ever been in unison; and though she strove to correct her follies by gentle admonition and delicate reproof, her efforts were ineffectual to work the desired reformation.

A young man of pleasing appearance and unasuming deportment soon beheld Taste with eyes of affection: his family and connections were of the first respectability, and his private conduct so meritorious, that Taste listened to his overtures with unconcealed pleasure, and obtained her father's consent to become his wife; and they retired to a charming country seat, which belonged to Decency, in the west of England. There, in tranquil seclusion and domestic happiness, they passed the greatest part of their time, devoting their entire cares to the education of one charming daughter, who was named Fashion, after an illustrious female, who had been an intimate friend of her grandmother Elegance, and who condescended to stand sponsor on the occasion.

Meanwhile, Folly and Extravagance squandered away their property in idle and licentious pursuits, till they became abject and degraded to the lowest state of wretchedness. Extravagance was thrown into prison, where he still

lingers; and Folly, after several disgraceful adventures, retired into a convent, bequeathing her daughter, Caprice, to her mother, who had frequently importuned her to send her over to England.

Ignorance had long beheld, with secret hatred, the growing charms of young Fashion, and hoped to raise against her a formidable rival, if she could succeed in getting Caprice into her own hands—this once effected, her triumph was complete. Every ornament which Fashion used to adorn her person, was immediately adopted and rendered ridiculous by the awkward imitation of Caprice, who had the assurance to pass herself upon many for her elegant cousin, whose name had acquired celebrity in all parts of Europe. If Fashion assumed a modest veil to conceal her charms from vulgar gazers, Caprice immediately twisted and tortured her muslins into a thousand fantastic forms. If Fashion wore a becoming gipsy hat, Caprice instantly adopted a piece of chip which almost descended to her elbows. When Fashion lengthened her gown to prevent Impertinence from peeping at her ancle, Caprice added two yards of muslin to her skirt, and swept the grassy walk with a preposterous train. Fashion threw on a light cloak, and it was admired by every one; Caprice, determined to outdo her cousin, covered her shoulders with her grandmother's apron, and flaunting through the streets, called herself Fashion. She found many followers and imitators among the ignorant; but people of sense and worth were not to be deceived by such an impostor—they enquired into the particulars of her family, and discovering the cheat, banished her from their society; warning all their female acquaintance not to follow any other Fashion than the *accomplished daughter of Taste and Decency*, leaving the absurd eccentricities of Caprice for the deluded encouragers of Folly and Extravagance. We are happy to add, that the true Fashion has been introduced at Court, and obtained that distinction which her merits justly entitle her to. Her parents, delighted by the flattering reception and encreasing fame of their darling child, have taken up their winter residence in town, where they form select parties, and direct her conduct by their advice and example.

E. F.

BRITISH GENEROSITY.

AT the time when the greatest cruelties were practising in France, and the emigrants were compelled to the most precipitate flight, a French gentleman, who had been saved from the beach by a sailor belonging to the English fleet, was unable to reach the ship, fear and distress having weakened him so much as to render him incapable of swimming. The honest tar immediately took the unfortunate emigrant on his back, and struggled hard, amidst a shower of balls from the enemy's batteries, to save both their lives. At length he too began to falter; and the weakness of his efforts, not his complaints, shewed his companion, that one or both of them must perish. The Frenchman nobly asked the youth, whether he could save his own life if left to himself; and receiving a reluctant reply, that "probably he might, but he would strive for both," the emigré instantly plunged into the ocean, and was seen no more. The glorious sailor reached his ship, just as he began again to fail, and was saved. This young hero, no less modest than magnanimous, when extolled by his shipmates for his bravery, exerted himself in praise of, and dropped a pitying tear to the memory of, the grateful Frenchman, who had sacrificed a life, which he had before taken such pains to preserve, rather than his benefactor should perish.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A Scarlet Kerseymere Cloak. A Bonnet of the same, trimmed round with White Swansdown.

Dress of White Cambric, richly worked round the Bottom. Buff Gloves.

Fig. 2.—White Sarsnet Dress, ornamented with embroidery. A clear Leno Apron, trimmed with a plain Gold

Cord. Hair fashionably dressed, with a Wreath. White Kid Gloves and Shoes.

General Observations on the Fashions for January.

The Hair continues to be worn with little Variation from the Style of the preceding Month; it is drawn in a plain Band across the Forehead, and fastened on one side with a single Gold Comb, from which the Ends descend in light and tasteful Ringlets; the only Ornaments worn on the Head are embroidered Handkerchiefs, of coloured Net, which are most elegant in Gold; these are arranged according to the Fancy of the Wearer, and particular Contour of Feature.—The prevailing Colours are Amber, Orange, Pink, and Crimson.

The Robe, in full Dress, is chiefly composed of Muslin, with White Satin trimming. In walking Dresses, coloured Muslin, with embroidered Borders, are most fashionable; the Sleeves are made very full on the Shoulder, and high across the Bosom, with a Chemisette vandyked round the Throat.

The Ornaments most prevalent are, Cornelian, Agate, or Egyptian Pebble, Beads, with Broaches to correspond: ear-rings of small coloured Beads, twisted in a large Ring, are very beautiful.

Shoes of Black Velvet, with coloured Binding, are the newest Mode, which are chiefly made to tie high on the Instep.

Pelisses, or Mantles of Scarlet Cloth, trimmed with broad Fur, and Turban Caps of the same Materials, have a rich and seasonable Appearance; they are made with pointed Capes descending from the Collar.

Evening Mantles, instead of Fur, have a rich Border of Black Velvet, embroidered in Devices.

WALKING DRESS. FULL DRESS.

Published, by Vernor Hood & Sharp. Poultry. Jan.ry 1.1808.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ADDRESS TO SYMPATHY.

THOU, noblest inmate of the human breast,
With native ardor in my bosom glow;
For thou canst lull the troubled mind to rest,
And mitigate the keenest pangs of woe.

When humbled by affliction's power, we lie
Forlorn, no hope our sorrows to relieve;
The beam that flows from mild compassion's eye,
At least a temporary balm can give.

Should fortune, with penurious hand, deny
Wealth, that receding comforts might restore;
Yet still the soothing voice of sympathy
Can soothe adversity's depressive power.

With genuine ardor I can never greet,
Those who unmov'd a scene of woe can view;
And with a cold indifferent aspect meet
Those eyes, which tears of anguish still bedew.

Let the proud Stoic, whose obdurate heart
Untouch'd, the tale of misery can hear;
Whose austere brow no rays of hope impart,
The spirits of the drooping wretch to chear;

Enjoy his boasted apathy of mind,
And the divine sensations never know;
Still homage pay at torpid Zeno's shrine,
Nor taste the rapturous joy thou canst bestow.

From such unfeeling natures sad I turn,
Far from such selfish souls disgusted fly;
With cold contempt the frigid bosom spurn,
That never felt the joys of sympathy.

F. S.

THE INNKEEPER's INVITATION.

LET Weymouth boast its nymphs of royal blood
And Margate glory in old Ocean's flood,
Proudly exult in many a Cockney face,
And puff the pleasures of a Donkey race;
Brighton rejoice to see its Prince's train,
Its painted beauties on the walks of Steine;
Ask not at Meoles such wond'rous things to see,
We've nothing here, save health, and spirits free;
If these have no attractions, keep away,
For sickness shuns this place, as night shuns day.
No gamesters here, deep skill'd in loaded dice,
Nor guilty brothels, the abodes of vice;
Yet simple sports we have, in these our gain,
Nurses of health, and purchas'd without pain:
For hark! the rippling tide calls to the shore,
Where rests the anxious seaman on his oar,
In expectation soon his boat to fill,
"Fast flows the tide," he cries, "and ev'ry wind is still."
They haste on board, but oft a pearly tear
Steals down some lovely cheek, appall'd with fear.
Embolden'd once the vast abyss to try,
They pluck new courage from their victory;
Propose another voyage, and fix their plan,
To visit Blackpool, or the Isle of Man;
Others will cross dark Ribble's troubled wave,
To taste of Crookel's best, then back to bathe.
Dame Flora likewise decks with flowrets rare,
And many an unknown plant, our gay parterre;
Whilst Neptune's Naiads strew their fav'rite shells
Upon these shores, to please young beaus and belles.
Haste, then, to Gass *, all you who seek for health,
Without whose presence vain is all your wealth;
Good are his wines, his beds both neat and trim,
He'll try to please you, Ladies; pray please him.

WARRINGTON, MAY 4.

* The Innkeeper's name at Southport.

STANZAS.

CEASE, my Emma, faultless fair,
Cease to press the couch of care;
Cease in sorrow's path to rove,
Smile, and wake the world to love.

Tearless be those azure eyes,
Bright as southern summer skies;
Whose beams, amid the leafy grove,
Illume the rosy bow'r of love.

Leave sorrow for the guilty breast,
Whilst thou, in native virtue drest,
Bid each deep anguish'd sigh to cease,
And give thy snow-white bosom peace.

Else spring will smile on thee in vain;
Come, but to hear thee, sad complain,
And see her fairest flow'rets bloom,
Midst tears, to deck thy early tomb.

KINGSLAND. JAMES.

STANZAS.

AS late I stroll'd these woods among,
And tranquil sought their inmost shade,
Sweetly the bird of ev'ning sung,
And gave her music to the glade.

Oh! 'twas a moment doubly dear,
To one in contemplative mood,
An artless songstress thus to hear,
Awake the echo of the wood.

Who, from a flow'r enamell'd dell,
At each distinctive pause was heard,
To mock, with sweet and soften'd swell,
The wild notes of the woodland bird.

Oh! 'twas a moment doubly dear,
To one in contemplative mood,
An artless songstress thus to hear
Awake the echo of the wood.

KINGSLAND. JAMES.

ON SEEING A LADY BLUSH.

ON Celia's eyes enraptur'd as I gaze,
And there a thousand doubts and wishes raise,
While lost in extacy I fondly trace
The numerous charms of her bewitching face;
A sudden change her blushing cheeks disclose,
The lily seems contending with the rose;
The rival flowers dispute their empire there,
Ambitious each to serve the beauteous fair:
Long was the contest—doubtful the success—
Each resolute, while each for conquest press.
At length the crimson rose, unused to yield,
Appears triumphant on the blooming field;
Flush'd with a victor's fury, on he press'd,
And the full centre of the cheek possess'd,
Thence hurl'd the foe down to her panting breast;
There doom'd to live, vanquish'd he still remains,
Whilst in her cheek th' insulting conqueror reigns.

E. F.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Emma at the window Damon ey'd,
Here at least I'm safe, he thoughtless cried,
That barrier's sure—but full too soon, alas!
Her eyes convinc'd him, diamonds pierce through glass.

R. SCRIBLERUS.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES.

KIND Ladies, I appeal to you,
'Tis really in a time of need;
I know not what to say or do,
Or how to act, or how proceed.

Believe me, Ladies, I'm in love,
My heart is ready now to bleed;
And oft I mourn a hopeless *dove*—
Kind Ladies, how should I proceed?

My charming Mary loves me too,
And fain would from her pangs be freed,
Yet still I know not what to do—
Kind Ladies, how shall I proceed?

For—oh, her cruel parents say,
"You shall not have that Richard Reed:"
Oh, Ladies! this is snow in May—
How shall I act, or how proceed?

I think I'd better leave the town,
And try some other path to lead;
I'll fight for glory and renown—
Kind Ladies, shall I thus proceed?

Forgive me, Ladies—shall I fly
To Gretna-Green?—ah, that indeed!
And then I'll conquer or I'll die—
This is the best way to proceed.

OCTOBER 6th, 1807. C. T.

SONNET TO HOPE.

OH! ever skill'd to wear the form we love,
To bid the shades of grief and fear depart;
Come, cheering HOPE, with one sweet smile remove
The pensive sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear,
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom;
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.

But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once, with dear illusions charm'd mine eye!
Then strew not, gay deceiver, on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.

Visions less fair will sooth my troubled breast,
That seeks not happiness—but longs for rest.

W. F. R. G.

SOLUTION

OF THE ENIGMA WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

By J. M. L.

VICTORY! be thou my soul-inspiring theme;
Thou who e'er shap'st the Warrior's fever'd dream:
'Tis thine, when battle rages on the plain,
Or tints with streaming blood the surgy main,
To hover o'er the scene of anguish'd death,
Where brave men, dying, yield their parting breath;
And when the direful hour of rage is o'er,
And death-directed vollies fly no more,
'Tis thine to deck the laurell'd son of fame,
And give, to after times, his deathless name!
When *Abercrombie*, and when *Nelson* died,
Heroes whom Britain knew her greatest pride;
Though death-struck nature bled at ev'ry pore,
And the soul hover'd on another shore;
Yet *Vict'ry's* voice recall'd life's ebbing pow'rs,
And shed a lustre on their latest hours!
Oh! *Vict'ry!* object of each warrior's pray'r,
While war *must* be, make Britain's sons thy care:
Long have they known thee, and when thou art giv'n,
Mercy is theirs—that attribute of Heav'n;
The battle o'er, as friends they treat their foes,
And feel a joy that mercy only knows.
Oh! with what pleasure should I trace each line,
If, but to write of peace, might now be mine;
THE WORLD AT PEACE!! what rapture in the thought,
With how much pleasing transport is it fraught;
Then might the bleeding nations seek repose,
And where the weed had triumph'd, plant the rose.

Then would the field of blood and battle be
Once more the scene of jocund liberty;
Then would the soldier quit his hateful trade
To wield the sickle, not the death-fraught blade:
And where the earth was spread with ghastly slain,
Labour would gather in the golden grain;
Then man 'gainst man would cease his ruthless rage,
And once more pure be Hist'ry's blood-stain'd page!

Nov. 7th, 1807.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE TWO CHARADES IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

I.

BEHOLD yon man bow'd down with age,
Look on his time-bleach'd hair;
Gaze on his face, and I'll engage,
You trace a *furrow* there.

'Twas trac'd by time, though not alone,
For care assisted too;—
Shun care then, or to mischief prone,
He soon may *furrow* you!

J. M. L.

II.

I know a maid of mind serene,
Whose breast owns virtue's flame,
I know a maid of modest mien,
And *Sally* is her name.

I know a youth whom friendship chose
To pay to him her court;
And though unpurpled is his nose,
He likes a glass of *port*.

I know a soldier, and he swore,
That when they see a gun,
Our foes swift ope a little door,
In *Sallyport* to run.

Dec. 2d, 1807. J. M. L.

ENIGMA.

I LIVED before the flood, yet still am young,
I speak all languages, yet have no tongue;
In deserts I was bred, ne'er went to school,
Nor ever understood a grammar rule:
Yet when the courtly gallant talks with me,
I've as polite a dialect as he,
I sympathise with all, in joy or pain,
Laugh with the merry, with the sad complain;
By nature taught such an obliging way,
I ne'er shall contradict whate'er you say,
If you should hold discourse with me all day;
Though thousands old, I ne'er shall die of age,
Till the last conflagration clears the stage.

M. P. M.

CHARADE.

MY first, when I'm hunting,
Accompanies me:
My next swims in water, though
Not in the sea:

My whole is oft called for
When people are nice,
And then, with my first,
Sent away in a trice.

CORNELIA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are sorry that H. T.'s letter will not suit our plan; admonition should be directed to general failings, not individual errors: if this obliging correspondent will favour us with a regular narrative, it will be acceptable.

We are obliged to E. T. for her hint, which we have this month adopted; some of her pieces are intended for insertion.

If our friend, the Anecdotist, would favour us with some original pieces, we should be obliged to her.

J. Hawkins's Spring will be more in season next month. The Ode to Peace comes rather *mal apropos*.

Our poetical contributions are so numerous, that we must request the writers of Amatory Verses, to send their effusions to the respective objects by the twopenny post: we cannot insert any thing that is merely personal.

H. C. B. "Molleson"—"T. G."—"Scriblerus"—"to Nannette"—G's Acrostic, &c. shall have place as early as possible.

X. Y. Z.—H. D. W.—C. T.—Rosa, and Lines to a Lady, we must beg leave to reject, as wholly uninteresting, except to the persons concerned.

Our Apollonian Wreath was completed before the arrival of "January;"—with the Author's permission, we will make a trifling alteration, and give it insertion, as "Winter."

In answer to Lydia Lovebook, we inform her, that Troubadours are Minstrels, and that the book she refers to is well adapted for ladies.

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Marchioness of Stafford.

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